up to this

ney's sister. The ex-Secretary and his daughter, Miss Pauline, are now staying with B. Haff and S. J. Doake. These camps occupy the northern inviting of all. It is by no means the most recent, Dr. Loomis, D. T. Watson, of Pittsburg; George and its spruce log cabins contrast pleasantly with H. Byrd and A. J. Milbank. the shingled buildings of later date. One of the Fashionable, no doubt, the society of St. Regis Ward, on the southwestern shore. It covers a wide peninsula, and possesses a long and singularly to convention. On the contrary, it partakes of

Secretary Whitney, having married Mr. Whit- Henry Parrish, J. S. and H. L. Hotchkiss, Mrs.

shore of that arm of the lake whose southern line is embraced in "Pine Tree Point," Mr. Twombly's camping ground. It is rather a body of water sacred property. Along the western arm of the lake, be- to the uses of Paul Smith's guests. They, how-"Wildair," are the camps of Mr. Schlesinger, ever, are a goodly company, both in number and of the importing firm of Naylor & Co., E. H. degree, and they include a large community of Coates and George C. Cooper. Mr. Cooper is a rampers who occupy cottages which are essentially nephew of ex-Mayor Edward Cooper, and the cooper camp is one of the largest and most tagers are Mrs. W. D. Morgan, W. W. McAlpin,

most fortunately situated camps is that of J. S. may have become, and yet it is not given up to the exhibition of costumes nor to slavish devotion



THE "TEA-HOUSE" AT PINE TREE POIN

beautiful shore-line, commanding the lake in many | the free spirit of the mountains. It is a peculiar directions. It is one of the more elaborate camps, community, attached to its own ways, and not Lake, separated from the Upper St. oppressed with any sense of duty toward the out-Regis by a tongue of land nowhere more than side world. It finds its entertainment in going half a mile wide, and entered from it through its own way, in comminging with itself, and its a narrow strait of surprising beauty, is even more recreation in boating and fishing and in breath thickly populated. Its shape is circular and not ling night and day the high, dry air of the northern uneven, and the wind, which is a moving cause mountain wilderness. It is here not to work, but on all the mountain lakes, has a large opportunity | to rest, and the men among it, most of whom are on Spitfire to show its peculiar forces. It has active men of affairs, generally engaged in large done so often enough to procure for the lake a enterprises, find here on this dainty blue water descriptive and picturesque name. It is a most and in these quiet hills that security from strife descriptive and picturesque name. It is a most which their achievements have earned. They delightful lake, despite its passionate proclivities. Which their achievements have earned. They delightful lake, despite its passionate proclivities. Which their achievements have earned. They have not offended the wilderness with gaudy passionate proclivities. Its shores give shelter to a distinguished company of campers. Dr. Trudeau, the well-known specialist in tuberculosis, whose great and good work in the wooks.



THE SLEEPING TENTS AT PINE TREE POINT

the establishment of a sanitarium on the Lower Saranac I shall hereafter describe, has one of the pleasantest camps. Another is owned by Miss Mitchell, the daughter of the late Judge William Mitchell, and sister of Edward Mitchell, now the Saranac Saranac I shall hereafter describe, has one of the pleasantest camps. Another is owned by Miss Mitchell, the daughter of the late Judge William Mitchell, and sister of Edward Mitchell, now the Saranac Saran Mitchell, and sister of Edward Mitchell, now the United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New-York, which includes New-York City. Miss Mitchell's cabin is admired for its large cedar fireplace and the splendid cedar columns of its generous piazza overhanging the lake. A comparatively new and exceedingly pretty camp is owned by Mrs. A. II. Dickson, and around the lake are now encamped in cabins that are all attractive the families of

A GREAT COTTON SPINNER

THE STORY OF A BARBER'S APPRENTICE In the death of Henry Ward, of Blackborn, Lanthe kings of industry. He was practically unknown But in the vast cotton trade of Manchester and the County Palatine, he filled a great and unique place. He was a striking example of rising from the ranks, and of winning great fortune by application and perseverance. Within the recol-

lection of his fellow-townsmen, no other man so increased so humble a capital to so vas "Manchester Guardian" writer, careful of everlarge fund of sound common sense, Mr. Ward was one of the most notable men Blackburn has produced during the present century.

He was born in a small cottage house in Clay-

ton-le-Dale, on July 25, 1813, and resided nearly all his life within two or three miles of his birthplace. Of humble parentage, his means of education were exceedingly limited, and at a very early age he dresser. This part of his early career was amus ingly recalled in after years by some wags in Blackburn, who, when Mr. Ward built his first cotton mill in Swallow-st., dubbed it "The Lather box" a joke which the ex-barber appreciated as much as any one, quietly remarking, however, that f some of his friends had begun "lathering" and barbering" when he did they would have been 'harbering" and "lathering" to the end of the chap 400, and then got married. With an excellent which they could both employ their hands and nand-loom weaving of elight cotton goods, which afterward led to his employing a few hands, and he

With economy, living the most simple Lancashire rtably increasing. In a year or two after ney freely, and was apparently on the high road it did not kill him in this early enterprise. Three bad debts, of quite sufficient magnitude for the young manufacturer, threatened to crush him. On taking stock of his position he found that when he had discharged all his obligations, instead of aving a comfortable balance at his bankers', hi

ned forth as a somewhat extensive hand-

on a capital of some three or four pounds," he

'No; but thou mun go on, Henry; thou'lt have better luck next time."

But the small hand-loom manufacturer was sorely depressed by his first experience in the way of bad debts, and could not see his way very clearly w to go on with practically no capital at all After some more reasoning, his friend said: "See here, Henry; I'll be bound with thee, and if th' worst comes to th' worst I'll pay the amount of

th' bond mysel'." Consulting his wife, who advised him to take his friend's advice, he availed himself of the offer and made another start. During the next five years he never ma-

weaving-shed in Swallow-st., Blackburn. Some four years afterward he added to the shed a spinning mill. The latter was burned down in January. 1869, but was rebuilt, and began running again in 1865. To the Swallow-st concern, containing about 1,000 looms and 52,000 spintles, and employing some 600 hands, Mr. Ward devoted his chief attention, though at various periods of his career he was a large employer of labor in other cotton districts. At one time, indeed, he was among the largest employers in the cotton trade in that part of Lancashire. During the "cotton famine" Mr. Ward visited America, and his visit was fruitful of excellent results, for it opened a new field for the exercise of his native shreadness, the upshot being that he was able to tide through the trials and troubles which at the time wrecked several of his contemporaries.

On the Manchester Exchange no country spinner and manufacturer was ever more generally and dearly extention that he was ever more generally and dearly extention that the work of the later was ever more generally and dearly extention that the was ever more generally and dearly extention.

On the Manchester Exchange no country spinner and manufacturer was ever more generally and deeply esteemed than the homely looking, plainsaffing, outspoken Henry Word. His standing rule was strictly to abide by the price he asked, and to give to his costumer precisely the article he stipulated to sell. His standard makes of goods, which he manufactured in constierable quantities, always commanded the best prices in the best markets, for they were invariably strictly honest makes. Mr. Ward at one time in his career became a large landed proprietor. In 1896, when Lord de Tabley's estates in Salesbury, Dinckley, Wiltshire, Clayton-le-Dale, and Osbaldestone were offered for sale. Mr. Ward was the highest bidder, and the entire lot was purchased by him for fi40,000. Thus the sometime barber-apprentice of Blackburn became not only the purchaser of the township of his birth, but lord of the manor of Ribchester.

CHINESE " MASHERS

From The London Globe

China is perhaps the last place in the world where one would expect to find ducies and mashers; but it appears that in Shanghai the gilded youth among the Celestials have adopted the masher costume. Very curious they look in their high collars and tight-litting coats. They have also taken to wearing foreign underclothing, eating foreign foods, smoking foreign tobacco, and doing many other things contrary to the old-fashioned Chinese usage. They also ride in foreign carriages, men and women together, and some of them live in foreign houses in grand style. There are also hundreds of schools kept by Chinese where nothing but English is taught, that being considered the most useful language. China is perhaps the last pla

SUNNY MARCH.

By Norman Gale. The hedge is full of houses
And the houses full of eggs,
For it's Spring!
So the yellowhammer tinkles
To the hawthorn green again,
On the wing.

The sparrow, he the gymnast, Sings more boldly on his spray In the sun.

And the blackbird floods the orchard
With an air too fine for June,
Trill and run.

Now my milkmald lass is waiting
By the haystack for a kiss,
In the dusk;
So I clasp my Love in iliac,
Dearly sweet with double scent,
Milk and musk!

OUT OF STEP.

VII.

TWO GIRLS.

Copyright, 1893. By The Tribune Association "I don't care what she says to him, " said Note. grinning as she watched Mr. Lincoln going ponderously toward Miss Nunally. "She'll wither him all up, and it'll do him a lot of good to be red. I declare I must see something going on besides doctors cutting people's heads open.

Nely passed out into the open porch, and stood there leaning against a post. She could not withhold her admiration from Miss Nunally as the girl paused in response to a gesture made by Mr. Lincoln: but Nelv's admiration was saturated with the quick and unreasoning hatred that comes so often to youth.

She had instantly decided in her own mind that Miss Nunally had no right to be engaged to that young man in the bedroom. That young man belonged to Salome, that is, if Salome wanted him to belong to her. In the bottom of her heart Nely hoped that Salome did not want him. She felt sure that it would make matters simpler and easier in every way if Salome should scorn him. But, perhaps, he was going to die; that solving of the affair would simplify things still more. Nely, in the great hardness of her young heart, thought it would be a good thing if that man died, and there was an end to it all in that way. Yes, he might far better lie. What a curious thing it was that those two girls, Salome and Miss Nunally, were in fove with him. Yes, they certainly were in love. How interesting they must be to themselves! Nely's mind at this point suddenly flashed off to the conclusion that Miss Nunally, should Moore die, would be chief mourner, since Miss Nunally was the one to whom Dr. Sands had telegraphed.

Portia was now standing before Mr. Lincoln and looking at him. He was dully aware that he had never seen a woman in the least like this. There was something about her that made his small eyes brighten as he gażed. And some dim erise of her insolence stung him somewhat. But it was interesting to see her. Ot course she must by the woodhouse, be a bad woman somehow, for Matthew Lincoln had been instructed for the last thirty years by the most likely to be interesting. Mr. Lincoln growing there. vas positively sure, by the light of this bringing up, that his wife was not a bad woman, since she was not in the least interesting.

greatly mistaken in this hope.

away as she might have dure. She stood there wife in his ignerance easily, looking at the man. She was beginning Mrs. Lincoln tride of that horrible dead level of suffering. She hart; that he was lying at Dwight Scudder's, and was not fitted to suffer. She had no doubt that that Dr. Sands had sent for the girl to whom the some people were titted to suffer. She wondered it was a cool day, and why did his left eyelid twitch so before he spoke. She should think his wife would go mad with seeing that dreadful twitch every day of her life.

Mr. Lincoln was now divided between emotions; a regret that he had addresses this girl, and a desire to continue to stand there and gravated her rheumatics.

cions of a strong wish that he had taken his whip with him when he left his cart. The feel standing firmly on his mental footing, of his whip in his right hand was an accustomed ... "Nely," he said, stooping over toward the girl is thinking that probably there were "Tots of gais jest like this one all round in the thick settled places

"I understand," he began again, "that the man that's ben burt-cause unknown -this phrase spoken somewhat proudly -" was your beau." I beg your pardon," said Portia

That word "beau" always made her ill, she had once told Salome. It was a word calculated to produce a disastrous effect upon her whenever she

pardon, but he laboriously repeated that he had nderstand that the man who had been hurt, cause unknown, was her beau. He gained courage with this repetition to make an addition to his re-He said his wife was prevented by thenmatism from coming over (with him He interpolated the explanation that the rheumatics in the orchard, had been greatly aggravated by her going "out in the popple swamp to pick dam le-berries.

"Oh," said Portia.
"Yes," said Mr. Lincoln with his eyes what the old novels used to call "glued" to the girl's face. Popple swamps is no place for old women with

rheumatics." Mr. Lincoln sometimes, when sufficiently re

moved from his wife's presence, greatly enjoyed speaking of her as an old woman. He now had a fast-growing sense that he was

giving himself up to what seemed to him a violent admiration of Miss Nanally's complexion. the "-women folks" whom he habitually saw had an almost exhilarating sense of dissipition. He that there could not be a woman whose face was not freekled. But here was one whose skin was-Mr. Lincoln staggered mentally when he came to try to find a comparison.

And to look at Portia Nunally gave the hulking, elderly, bovine creature standing near her an almost exhilerating sense of dissipation. He could not understand it. But then it was a long time now since Mr. Lincoln had tried to understand anything; and he seemed to remember that when he had formerly tried he had never succeeded.

He was wondering now what he had been say ing. Again he wished that he had his whip in his right hand.

Oh, he was saying something about his wife's rheumatics. But there did not seem to be anything more to add on that subject. He did not know but that he ought to go out to his cart now. If he only had his whip! He did not wish to go home without finding

out something about that wedding dress. So much hung on that, in Mrs. Lincoln's mind. "It must be dretful hard to bear," he now remarked.

And again Portia said "I beg your pardon," and again he repeated his words.

His face grew more purple, and his eyelid twitched more markedly than before. "I mean to have your beau hurt to suddencause unknown "

"Yes," said Portia. The girl was finding an enjoyment in the conbarrassment of the man before her. She was wishing cruelly that she might make some one suffer. It is often true that to suffer one's self is strangely on incentive toward enusing suffer-He was too stupid. At first, as a type, she thought that he might amuse her. But nothing ignorance as regarded the wedding gown. could amuse her any more.

self to love so deeply. To love, save in some fleeting abandonment of ardor, was surely to be wretched. There was always in loving the reverse side, the side of mretchedness, The reverse side

was what she had intended to avoid; and she had hitherto succeeded very well in this inten-tion. But somehow now she found herself plunged into an intolerable misery. She was too epicuran in taste and temperament to be able to bear this. When she had reached this stage in her confused thoughts a rush of tenderness for her lover came over her, and she yielded herself

Meanwhile her face, excellently schooled when fronted each other. she willed, showed only that easy control which was so near the verge of insolence. "My wife," began Mr. Lincoln, who was now

seized with a fear that the girl would leave him before he had found out what he must find out. She is quite a hand for clo'es. "Quite a hand for clothes?" said Portia, slight-

ly amused. "Yes. She wanted to know, bein' such a hand

for clo'es, whether you'd got your weddin' dress. They couldn't tell me to the house here," jerking his head toward the building behind him

"They couldn't tell you at the house?" asked

Portia, with a gentle solicitude of manner. "Ne," replied her companion, "they didn't know. 'N' my wife she said the last thing 'fore I left that she hoped I'd find out 'bout the welldin' dress. She's known two or three gals that had beens 'n' expected to be married, 'n' the day was set, 'n' something happened. One of the fellers was killed blarstin' out rock. She felt so had she couldn't git over it. She was kinder pindlin' any way; 'n' she died in jest three weeks n' she was laid out in her weddin' gown. She had as large a funeril 's I ever remember to have Folks, you see, was natchrally inerested in her, 'n' they come from over beyond the Far Corners. They had three ministers there 'n' the full choir of the church sung. 'Twas an' affectin' occasion."

Mr. Lincoln was so carried away with the nemory of that funeral that for the moment he

He was brought to himself, however, by the cool persistence of the gaze Portia fixed upon him. She began now to have a violent dislike toward him. His reference to that girl who had been laid out in her wedding gown made her shudder with horror. She could never bear any reference to the dread paraphernalia of death. It made her angry and it made her afraid.

Mr. Lincoln moved uneasily. He wished he could go away now. There was his horse dragging the cart slowly about the yard in his search for but, as he had never yet in his life made a rush for anything, it was manifestly impossible for him to begin now. He felt the blood come up to his That gaze made him have the feeling, in some unaccountable way, as if he were being lashed and stung with a whip.

Presently Portin turned and walked away. Mr. Lincoln stood just where she had left him for a moment. As soon as he could be went toward his horse, which had reached the clump of lilacs

At the lifaes he became aware that Nely had joined him. She said that she was afraid that his wife that it was bad women who were by far the animal would trample on some hollyhocks

Mr. Lincoln wached forward and got his whip in his hand. His face directly cleared somewhat.

Nely w.s. laughing. He thought resentfully "I hope you're 's well 's could be expected," at that Nely was always a "sassy gal." She hadn't last remarked the man. He had had a kind of been brought up right. He mounted his cart hope that his companion would speak first, and and braced his feet so that he could keep his thus open the way to a conversation; but he was balance. Then fie bethought himself of the fact

what made this man's face so purple, since flown to the subject of the wedding dress. in that way, Mrs. Lincoln knew that she should regret more than ever that she had made an un-

by Miss Nunally, "has got her weddin' gown."

Nely laughed openly. .
"Oh, I guess you'll have to wait to know mat," she said. "I wouldn't ask her no more than I'd cut out my tongue."

Mr. Lincoln's vast purple face showed his de-

ection and disappointment. He gathered the lines into a still firmer hold.

to come over by to-morrer."

"Oh, I hope she can come!" exclaimed Nelle, Bring her over, and let her ask Miss Nunally. You had a good time asking Miss Nunally, didn't

But Mr. Lincoln did not reply. His eyes were fixed upon Miss Nunally, who was walking about

"What is it bout that young feller's knowin' the Gerrys?" he asked. "Ain't things kind o' mixed up." I hope S'lome ain't goin' to be disappointed. I did hear something said bout her havin' been disappointed. There ain't nothin to that story, is there "

"Nothing," said Nely, with decision,

Mr. Lincoln was so much more clear in his mind since he had his whip in his hand that he was thinking of asking more questions, and was

Before he had decided what inquiry to make the screen door of the kitchen opened, and Mrs. Scudder came out with a great appearance of haste. Nely looked at her mother critically that she might decide if there were still symptomof fluster.

"I do wish," said Mrs. Scudder, coming to the cart and taking hold of a wheel that she might lean on it-"I do wish you'd go over to the deepo for the evening train. Dr. Sands says them nusses 'Il most likely come on that train, 'n' Dwight he's gone with the Boston doctor, 'n' he's got an awful lot to do. It'll be a great

Nusses?" repeated Mr. Lincoln, "I didn't know's you was goin' to have 'um. They had one over to Livingstone's when his wife was sick ain't no opinion of them-'n' they come so

"I've heard they were high," responded Mrs Scudder, "but that ain't our lookout. you go to the deepo, do you think?"

"I'll go, Mrs. Scudder," said a voice behind the group. "I can get Mr. Norton's horse and

It was Salome who spoke. They all turned and looked at her, Mr. Lincoln in a scrutinizing man-ner, for, as he was thinking, his wife would be sure to ask as to Salome's appearance. She would want to tell Mrs. Hill. To Mr. Lincoln's eyes Salome looked much the same as usual.

'You can't drive Mr. Norton's horse more'n you can fly," said Mrs. Seudder. "Yes, I can." was the quiet response. "I have driven it several times. I'll go for the nurses,

Mr Lincoln. Nely saw her mother's lip begin to droop, and she took her mother's arm and unceremoniously walked her into the house.

Salome did not linger by Mr. Lincoln's cart. and that gentleman was obliged to drive out of ing. But she was beginning to wenry of this the yard and go home to his wife with compararively little positive information and in complete Salome walked out toward the orchard. Not

until she entered it did she see that Miss Nunally was strolling in the shade there. Salome made an involuntary pause in her advance. She had wished to be alone. She had left even her mother. When she had first makened from the doen along

of exhaustion which had come to her with its indescribable blessing, Salome thought that she could be whatever happened. But as the moments passed and consciousness and memory came clearly back, she wondered if her strength would

be equal to all. But it must be equal. When she came down the stairs her mother met her in the "entry." The face of the elder woman looked much the more worn as the two con-

Salome leaned forward from the lower stair and

out her arms about her mother's neck. "Mother," she whispered, "if I had not sent that

note to Mr. Moore he would not have come, and then he would not have been hurt." "Salome!" sharply.

The girl raised her head in surprise "We needn't trouble ourselves about such things," said Mrs. Gerry. "That is folly. You can't see what will happen because of the simplest We are not responsible in that way."

"Well," returned Salome, "we needn't talk about it. There is only one thing sure in this world."

"And what's that?"

"Suffering." "Oh," cried the mother, "you are too young to

know that." Salome smiled as if she were the elder. she said nothing more. She walked out of doors and, hearing the proposition of Mr. Lincoln to go to the station, she announced that she would go. Salome hadn't gone many yards beneath the

trees before Portia saw her. Instead of trying to avoid her Miss Nunally turned and came forward. As the two met Portia said with some bit-

"There comes a time when one must sleep, or

go mad," was the answer, "and since I have slept
I shall not go mad."
"But I—I have lost that trick of sleeping at
will. Have you stolen it from me, Salome Gerry?
Portia now spoke in a particularly soft tone.
Without replying Salome gazed at her for a long
noment; then she said:

moment: then she said:

"It is impossible that he should not love you
in time, if he does not love you now. Well,"
with a deep breath, "I nope I want him to be

with a deep breath, "I hope I want him to be happy."

Some kind of a spasm crossed Portia's face. She seized her companion's hand, holding it tightly, and gizing in her turn at the face before her. Then she laughed in that superficial, mocking way which was sometimes so exasperating.

"What a situation!" she cried. "Here we are two women in love with that man there who may never live to love either of us. That thought makes you shudder. Perhaps we ought to wish him dead. That would solve it all. Then you and I could mourn him in peace. Don't think I'm unfeeling. I wish I were, Then I should say that you were welcome to his love. But I can't say it. I crave his love."

She paused, walked away and then returned.

"Oh, I tell you this is intolerable!" she cried.

"He had come to see you, had he not?"

"You had changed

"You had sent for him? You had changed your mind? I told you down there in Florida that you were crimically wieked if you told him anything. Now what have you done? Kept sijent tormented him, then suddenly veered about and done this. In a few weeks more we should and done this ried. I hope your conscience is him anything. Now what have you done? Kept sident, termented him, then suddenly veered about and done this. In a few weeks more we should have been married. I loope your conscience is calm just now. Miss Gerry. Don't speak until I am through—I have a lot to say, but I may not say it all now. You must have a very convenient conscience, or else not any. Turn your head this way, Salome Gerry!" imperiously putting a finger tip under Salome's chim. "There; now tell me, did he still seem to love you? If you speak a falsehood it will have no effect. Tell me!"

Why should I speak a falsehood now?" was response. "Yes, he still seemed to love me."

Portia's hands dropped to her side. Her vivid face for an instant was thunderous. Then she laughed.

the unendurable upon her consentence. As long as I felt inclined I should one sentence. As long as I felt inclined I should have made him happy enough. Replying to that, she exclaimed:

"Then you don't really love him?"

"Not really love him! How ignorant you are!
Not really love him! How ignorant you want to kill yourself, and to-morrow is painless, do you say therefore that you did not really have the toothacke?"

Salome started up from her leaning position against the tree.

"This is really horrible!" she said, with earer protest. "How can you talk that way? To love, and yet he sale to think there will come a time when you do not love! Oh, what is the use of living?"

a time when you do not love! Oh, what is use of living?"
Solone was startled out of her proceeding.
"As to that, there's ever so much use in living."
"As to that, there's ever so much use in living."
returned Miss Namally. "Sometimes you know a moment of intense, annulalterated happiness. If you live oute a good many years you may know several such moments. The rest of the time, you know, you exist. I'm not sure if we are, on the whole, quite equal to the animals. You are not listening to a word I say. Salome. Well, it makes but little difference. I am talking hereuse when I talk I cannot quite so strongly realize how I saffer. The worst of it is that if you can be very happy that very canacity makes it positive that you will be very miserable; and in this world there is so much more variety of arrangements for producing misery than for producing bappiness. Salone, "with a quick, harsh tone in her vales," if Mr. Moore gets well what shall you do."

shall you do?"

The girl thus addressed did not immediately reply. She was looking fixedly at her companion, but plainly was not seeing her.

"Answer me," said Portia, "what shall you

Salome shrank somewhat as she said: I am afraid I was not listening. I was think-

"Thinking? of what?" "Of those lines-are they Mrs. Browning's?-

"Those never loved who say loved once."

Miss Numrlly smiled, but her forehead contracted at the same time.

"Very likely they are Mrs. Browning's. And there's not a word of traffi in them. Poets like to say such things; and people like to pretend to believe them."

to say such things; and people has to be be believe them."

"I believe them," sail Salome, firmly.

"Do you? Then you are very ignorant. But you have not yet told me what you will do if Mr. Moore gets well. That Beston man informed me that he had a chance of recovery. What shall you do."

Salome based her bands over her face before the replied. She was now so pale that Portia had an immodes to put her arm about her; but she resisted that impulse.

"Do." said Salome. Nothing."

had an impostes to put her arm about her; but she resisted that impulse.

"Do?" said Salome. "Nothing."

Miss Numally scratinized her companion in silence a moment: then she said, with the harsh note very prominent new in her voice:

"You are quite different from me then."

"Am I?" dully.

"Yes. In your place I should break up the engagement and have my lover back again."

"Should you?"

"Certainly. Miss Gerry, don't you know that by good rights you and Lought to hate each other? I ought to poison you, or you ought to poison me."

Salome made an effort to say, "But we shall not poison each other, I suppose?"

She looked around her as one might look for some way to escape.

"Oh, no: we shall not poison each other," returned Portia, who had now lost her deliberate, careful utterance? "And I don't hate you. I haven't an idea my I don't hate you."

Salome looked is if she could not speak again. She stood a moment with her hands clasped tightly and hanging in front of her. Her face in its delicacy, its intensity, had something smitingly piteous in it.

"I cannot stay with you any longer," she said

I cannot stay with you any longer," she said

piteous in it.

"I cannot stay with you any longer," she said
"I am confused."

She hurried farther down the slope of the orchard while Portia went slowly back to the house, going, after a hesitating pause in the kitchen, to the open bedroom door and looking in.

Dr. Sands was sitting by the bed. He glanced up at the girl standing there. But Portia did not look at him, she looked at the man lying on the bed. There was a change in Moore's face, and he seemed to be sleeping profoundly.

When Portia moved away she went directly up the stairs to the room where Salome had been resting. She carefully shut the door and sat down on the bed. It is at such moments, if ever, that people are frank with themselves. Though perhaps we are never quite frank, even in our most secret thoughts, of ourselves.

"He is going to live. Yes, he is going to live," she was thinking now, and for the first few moments she was conscious only of an intoxicating thankfulness. Portia never held herself aloof frem the cower of any agreeable emotion; and now she abandoned herself to this penetrating gratitude. She did not ask if she had reason for fhinking that Moore wend live. She was governed much by impressions and intuitions. Like many finely sururg ratures, she found that those intuitions rarely failed her.

Out in the rehard Salome had no intuitions and no impressions. She was just now in an low impressions, she was just now in an low impressions, she was just now in an low impressions, she was fust now in an low impressions in the rectarded. Just now she was her mother's daughter, and could walk in the narrow path of right. If Moore lived, of cou

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was not life at all." But it was all there and of life left to her. Then she went over again all her reasonings and conclusions of the reasoning that was just past.

She returned to the house, meeting Mrs. Souther it is not all the contract.

She returned to the house, meeting Mrs. Scudder in the yard.

"I was jest lookin' for you, Salome," she said.

"It's gittin' along in the afternoon, 'n it looks to me's if you ought to be startin' over to Mr. Norton's if you re really goin' for them nuses.

"Mother," called Nely from the other side of the screen door, "don't you go to hurrying Saloma. It ain't time yet. You ain't got over being flustered yet. Come in."

Mrs. Scudder smiled proudly and obeyed by daughter, saying as she turned away that swiddn't know but she had been a grain too beforehand; but still if the nusses come, they wouldn't want to be waitin' round to no depot.

"Mother!" said Nely again. Salome felt a invincible repugnance toward going into the hous and seeing any one. She wanted to be by he self, so that she might cherish the mood that now ruled her. She had by this time come to suspect that her resolutions were principally mook

laughed.

"I was sure of it. But, for all that, what he felt for me would pass very well for love. As the felt for me would pass very well for love. As long as I felt inclined I should have made him lappy enough. But you stepped in and sent happy enough. But you stepped in and sent him a note. Then, of course, he wanted you walways want the unattainable.

Salone, listening with a noignant sense of Salone, listening with a noignant sense of the unendurable upon her, heard plainly but one sentence. As long as I felt inclined I should have made him happy enough."

I know it, but I must be out of doors, I must be out of doors. I must be out of doors. I must be out of doors: "with an emphasis that

"But there's lots of time," remonstrated to girl.

"I know it, but I must be out of doors. I must be out of doors." with an emphasis that startled Nely.

She brought the jacket and hat. Saleme had them a moment in her hand. She was looking to Nely, who met her gaze for an instant, and then said:

"He seems to be asleep. He's just the same." Salome turned away without a word and has tened down the road. She was thankful that it was a lonely country way. It stretched before her white and straight, the horsebrier and the milk weed and cletbra, growing close down to the wheel tracks. The spikes of white clethra were now in full bloom, and they seemed to fill the air with their heavy perfume. Salome liked this flower, though most of the people said it "smelled kind of siekish." It was powered. liked this flower though most of the peop said it "smelled kind of siekish." It was powerful and tropical. The girl gathered a handful it, pressing the blooms no to her face. As she inhaled the odor and felt the touch of the peta a nuck and complete revulsion of feeling came or her, sweeping away her previous moods as a great state.

her, sweeping away her previous moods as a great wave sweeps away the line of foam which a former wave has left on the sand. Salome suddenly stood still in the solltary road, with the clear New-England sunshine pour

"This is my real self." She did not speak words. She only felt them. And with "This is my real self." She did not speak those words. She only felt them. And with them came that other emotion that belonged to her real self. She loved.

Now she walked on as if flying before something to which she must yield, but from which she yet fled, knowing all the time how useless was flight. The flowers hung tightly crasped in her hand. She was coing now toward her home, for she must nose that on her way to Mr. Norton's for the horse and carriage.

As she came opposite the cottage at the leight some one came out of the yard quickly, not a first seing her.

some one came out of the yard quickly, not as first seing her.

It was Walter Redd: and he had evidently been to the different doors seeking an entrace.

As the two met the young man held out he had saying that he had just given up trying the find some one. He was going by and had called the had hitched his horse the other side of the pice, by the road. Was she just coming home?

No, she was going to Mr. Norton's to borrow his here.

horse. Prove holy this time then " sold Dath, sould ing a trifle more animatedly than usual. "Free got my carry-all out here. If you want the usual to a horse and carriage, let me take you warrave you like. I'd say go without me, but my horse too lively."

you like. I'd say go without me, but my horse is too lively."

"You are very kind, Walter" began Salome She did not know why she hesitated.

"Reward me for my kindness, then," said Redd. The girl was vaguely aware that this was a strange way for Redd to talk. Such phrases were so foreign to him.

"I was going to the station," she said: "nerhand it will not be convenient for you to go there."

"Yes, it will," eagerly.

He looked at his watch. "What train do you want to meet? The 6:30 I sunpose. We have been you look completely tired out. You look as if you had been through something dreadeful."

They had been walking toward the carriage as spoke. Since she had not immediately refuse is offer she found it impossible to refuse it now and indeed there was no reason why she should be the control of the control o

his offer she found it impossible to refuse it not accept it.

He helped her into the carriage and then sal down beside her.

"Two been taking my mother and sister ever to the Fan Corners," he said as he took up the reins. "We made a very early start this morning. Two left them there for a visit, and I expect to bach it for the next two weeks. I shall be awfelly lonesome. I wish you'd let me take you and your mother out to drive once in a while. It would do you both good."

Reidd's manner was not in the least heavy to day; as it was usually. Salome was too much absorbed to notice this, however.

She thanked him, and said that he was always so kind. Then the horse started ferward and the leaned back, holding for a moment her bunch at clethers up to her face.

After a short silence Redd turned to her and repeated his remark that she looked as if she had been through something dreadful. Had anythis happened?

To be continued

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

From The Pall Mail Gazette.

The other day I visited the grave of Dante Gebriel Rossetti, who sleeps his last sleep in the pretty old churchyard of Birchington-on-Sea, and I was surprised and sorry to find that, although the great poet and painter has only been dead these last eleven years, there is an unmistakable look of neglect about his tomb. True, the handsome crudform monument of white sandstone, and oramented with many interesting symbolical designated and figures, is still in pretty good order (though even here signs of coming decay are easily decernible); but the mound which covers Rossett's remains has almost entirely disappeared, doubtless trodden away by the many visitors who from the artists resting-place. This state of thinss outh speedily to be remedied, and I suggest that an ion realling heads and

KOROS, \$8.25.